Chere begynneth a lytell geste of Robyn hode

18.

Here begynneth a lytell geste of Robyn hode. and his meyne And of the proude Sheryfe of Notyngham.

Lithe and lysten gentylmen
That be of fre bore blode
I shall you tell of agood yeman
His name was Robyn hode
Robyn was a proude outlawe
Whyles he walked on groũde
So curteyse an outlawe as he was one
Was neuer none y founde
Robyn stode in bernysdale
And lened hym to a tree
And by hym stode lytell Johan
A good yeman was he
And also dyde good Scathelock
And Much the myllers sone
There was no ynche of his body
But it was worthe a grome
Then be spake hym lytell Johan
All vnto Robyn hode
Mayster yf ye wolde dyne betyme
It wolde do you moch good
Then be spake good Robyn

19-14

To dyne I haue no luſt
Tyll I haue ſome bolde baron
Or ſome vnketh geſt
That may paye for the beſt
Or ſome knyght or ſome ſquyere
That dwelleth here by weſt
A good maner than had Robyn
In londe where that he were,
Euery daye or he wolde dyne
Thre meſſes wolde he here
The one in the worſhyp of the fader
The other of the holy gooſt
The thyrde was of our dere lady
That he loued all other moſte
Robyn loued our dere lady
For doute of dedely ſynne
Wolde he neuer do company harme
That ony woman was ynne
Wayſter than ſayd lytell Johan
And we our borde ſhall ſprede
Tell vs whether we ſhall gone
And what lyfe we ſhall lede
Where we ſhall take where we ſhall leue
Where we ſhall abyde be hynde
Where we ſhall robbe where we ſhall reue
Where we ſhall bete and bynde
Ther of no force ſayd Robyn
We ſhall do well y nough
But loke ye do no huſbonde harme
That tylleth with his plough

No more ye shall no good yeman
That walketh by grene wode shawe
Ne no knyght ne no squyer
That wolde be a good fela we
These bysshoppes and thyse archebysshoppes
Ye shall them bete and bynde
The hye sheryfe of notynghame
Hym holde in your mynde
This worde shall beholde sayd lytyll Jhoan
And this lesson shall we lere
It is ferre dayes god sende vs a gest
That we were at our dynere
Take thy good bowe in thy hande sayd Robyn
Lete moche wende with the
And so shall Wyllyam Scathelocke
And no man abyde with me
And walke vp to the sayles
And so to watlynge strete
And wayte after some vnketh gest
Up chaunce ye mowe them mete
Be he Erle or ony baron
Abbot or ony knyght
Bryngе hym to lodge to me
His dyner shall be dyght
They wente vnto the sayles
These yemen all thre
They loked est they loked west
They myght no man see
But as they loked in Barnysdale
By a derne strete

Then came there a knyght rydynge
Full sone they gan hym mete
All drery then was all his semblaunte
And lytell was his pryde
His one fote in the sterope stode
That other waued besyde
His hode hangynge ouer his eyen two
He rode in symple a ray
A soryer man than he was one
Rode neuer in somers day
Lytell Johan was curteyse
And set hym on his kne
Welcome be ye gentyll knyght
Welcome are you to me
Welcome be thou to grene wode
Hende knyght and fre
My mayster hath a byden you fastynge
Syr all these ours thre
Who is your mayster sayd the knyght
Johan sayd Rabyn hode
He is a good yeman sayd the knyght
Of hym I haue herde moch good
I graunte he sayd with you to wende
My brethern all thre
My purpose was to haue deyned to day
At blythe or dankastere
Forthe than went that gentyll knyght
With a care full chere
The teres out of his eyen ran
And fell downe by his lere

They brought hym vnto the lodge doȝe
Whan Robyn gan hym se
Full curteyslȳ dyde of his hode
And set hym on his kne
Welcome syr knyght then sayd Robyn
Welcome thou arte to me
I haue abyde you fastynge lyr
All these houres thre
Then answered the gentyll knyght
With wordes fayre and fre
God the saue good Robyn
And all thy fayre meyne
They washed togyder and wyped bothe
And set tyll theyr dynere
Brede and wyne they had ynough
And nombles of the dere
Swannes and fesauntes they had full good
And foules of the reuere
There fayled neuer so lytell a byrde
That euer was bred on brere
Do gladly syr knyght sayd Robyn
Graūercy syr sayd he
Suche a dyner had I not
Of all these wekes thre
If I come agayne Robyn
Here by this countre
As good a dyner I shall the make
As thou hast made to me
Graūercy knyght sayd Robyn
My dyner what I haue

I was neuer so gredy by dere worthy god
My dyner for to craue
But pay or ye wende sayd Robyn
Me thynketh it is good ryght
It was neuer the maner by dere worthy god
A yeman pay for a knyght
I haue nought in my cofers sayd the knyght
That I may profer for shame
Lytell Johan go loke sayd Robyn hode
Ne let not for no blame
Tell me trouth sayd Robyn
So god haue parte of the
I haue no more but .x. l. sayd the knyght
So god haue parte of me
Yf thou haue no more sayd Robyn
I wyll not one peny
And yf thou haue nede of ony more
More shall I len the
Go now forth lytell Johan
The trouthe tell thou me
Yf there be no more but .x. l.
Not one peny that I se
Lytell Johan spred downe his mantell
Full fayre vp on the grounde
And there he founde in the knyghtes cofer
But euen halfe a pounde
Lytyll Johan lete it lye full styll
And went to his mayster full lowe
What tydynge Johan sayd Robyn
Syr the knyght is trewe I nough

Fyll of the beſt wyne ſayd Robyn
The knyght ſhall begynne
Moch wonder thynketh me
Thy clothynge is ſo thynne
Tell me one worde ſayd Robyn
And counſell ſhall it be
I trowe thou were made a knyght of foyle
Or elles of yemanry
Or elles thou haſt ben a ſory houſband
And leued in ſtroke and ſtryfe
And okerer or elles a lechoure ſayd Robyn
With wronge haſt thou lede thy lyfe
I am none of them ſayd the knyght
By god that made me
An.C. wynter here be fore
My aunſetters knyghtes haue be
But ofte it hath befal Robyn
A man hath be dyſgrate
But god that ſyteth in heuen above
May a mend his ſtate
Within two or thre yere Robyn he ſayd
My neyghbores well it knowe
Foure hondreth pounde of good money
Full wel than myght I ſpende
Now haue I no good ſayd the knyght
But my chyldren and my wyfe
God hath ſhapen ſuch an ende
Tyll god it may a mende
In what maner ſayd Robyn
Haſt thou lore thy ryches

For my grete folyhe layd
And for my kyndenelle
I had a sone for soth Robyn
That sholde haue ben my eyre
When he was twenty wynter olde
In felde wolde Juste full feyre
He slewe a knyght of lancastshyre
And a squyre bolde
For to saue hym in his tyght
My goodes both sette and solde
My londes beth sette to wedde Robyn
Untyll a certayne daye
To a ryche abbot here belyde
Of saynt Mary abbay
What is the somme sayd Robyn
Trouthe than tell thou me
Syr he layd foure hondred pounde
The abbot tolde it to me
Now and thou lese thy londe sayd Robyn
What shall fall of the
Hastely I wyll me bulke sayd the knyght
Ouer the salte see
And se where cryst was quycke and deed
On the mounte of caluare
Faye well frende and haue good daye
It may not better be
Teeres fell out of his eyen two
He wolde haue gone his waye
Fare well frendes and haue good day
I ne haue moze to pay

Where be thy frendes sayd Robyn
Syr neuer one wyll knowe me
Whyle I was ryche I now a honie
Grete bost then wolde they blowe
And now thy renne a waye fro me
As bestes on a rowe
They take no moze hede of me
Then they me neuer sawe
Foz ruthe then wepte lytell Johan
Scathelocke and Much also
Fyll of the best wyne sayd Robyn
Foz here is a symple chere
Hast thou ony frendes sayd robyn
The bozowes that wyll be
I haue none then sayd the knyght
But god that dyed on a tree
Do waye thy Japes sayd Robyn
Therof wyll I right none
Weneste thou I wyll haue god to bozowe
Peter Poule oz Johan
Nay by hym that me made
And shope both sonne and mone
Fynde a better borowe sayd Robyn
Oz mony geteste thou none
I haue none other sayd the knyght
The sothe foz to say
But yf it be our dere lady
She fayled me neuer oz this day
By dere worthy god sayd Robyn
To seche all Englond thoro we

Yet founde I neuer to my pay
I moch better borowe
Come now forthe lytell Johan
And goo to my treloure
And bringe me foure hondred pounde
And loke that it well tolde be
Forthe then wente lytell Johan
And Scathelocke went before
He tolde out foure houndred pounde
By eyghtene score
Is this well tolde sayd lytell Much
Johan sayd what greueth the
It is almes to helpe a gentyll knyght
That is fall in pouerte
Mayster than sayd lytell Johan
His clothynge is full thynne
Ye must gyue the knyght a lyueray
To helpe his body ther in
For ye haue scarlet and grene mayster
And many a ryche aray
There is no marchaunt in mery Englonde
So ryche I dare well saye
Take hym thre yerdes of euery coloure
And loke it well mete it be
Lytell Johan toke none other mesure
But his bowe tre
And of euery handfull that he met
He lept ouer fotes thre
What deuylkyns draper sayd lytell Much
Thynkyst thou to be

Scathelocke stoode full styll and lough
And sayd by god all nyght
Johan may gyue hym the better mesure
Bygod it cost hym but lyght
Mayster sayd lytell Johan
All vnto Robyn hode
Ye must gyue ỹ knight an hors to lede home al th⁹ good
Take hym a gray courser sayd Robyn
And a sadell newe
He is our ladyes messengere
God leue that he be trewe
And a good pallfraye sayd lytell Moch
To mayntayne hym in his ryght
And a payre of botes sayd Scathelocke
For he is a gentyll knyght
What shalt thou gyne hȳ lytel Johā sayd Robyn
Syr a payre of gylte spores clere
To praye for all this company
God bryngе hym out of tene
Whan shall my daye be sayd the knyght
Syr and your wyll be
This daye twelue moneth sayd Robyn
Under this grene wode tree
It were grete shame sayd Robyn
A knyght a lone to ryde
Without squyer yeman or page
To walke by his syde
I shall the lene lytyll Johan my man
For he shall be thy knaue
In a yemans steed he may the stonde

yf thou grete nede haue

¶ The seconde fytte.

NOwe is the knyght went on his way
This game he thought full good
When he loked on bernysdale
He blysſed Robyn hode
And whan he be thought on bernysdale
On Scathelock Much and Johan
He blysſed them for the beſt company
That euer he in come
Then ſpake that gentyll knyght
To lytel Johan gan he saye
To morowe I muſt to yorke toune
To ſaynt mary abbay
And to the abbot of that place
Foure hondred pounde I muſt pay
And but I be there vpon this nyght
My londe is loſt for ay
The abbot ſayd to his couent
There he ſtode on grounde
This day twelfe moneth came there a knyght
And borowed foure hondred poupde
Upon all his londe fre
But he come this ylke day
Dyſheryte ſhall he be
It is full erely ſayd the pryoure
The daye is not yet ferre gone

I had leuer to pay an hondzde pounde
And lay downe a none
The knyght is ferre be ponde the see
In Englonde he is ryght
And suffreth honger and colde
And many a sozy nyght
It were grete pyte sayd the pzyoure
So to haue his londe
And ye be so lyght of your conscyence
Ye do to hym nioch wronge
Thou arte euer in my berde sayd the abbot
By god and saynt Rycharde
With that cam in a fatheded monke
The heygh scleret
He is dede oz hanged sayd the monke
By god that bought me dere
And we shall haue to spende in this place
Foure hondzed pounde by yere
The abbot and the hy scleret
Sterte forthe full bolde
The Justyce of Englonde
The abbot there dyde holde
The hye Justyce and many mo
Had take in to they honde
Holy all the knyghtes det
To put that knyght to wronge
They demed the knyght wonder sozе
The abbot and his meyne
But he come this ylke day
Bysheryte shzall he be

He wyll not come yet sayd the Justyce
I dare well vnder take
But in sorowe tyme for them all
The knyght came to the gate
Than he spake that gentyll knyght
Untyll his meyne
Now put on your symple wedes
That ye brought fro thesee
They came to the gates anone
The porter was redy hym selfe
And welcomed them euerychone
welcome syr knyght sayd the porter
My lorde to mete is he
And so is many a gentyll man
For the loue of the
The porter swore a full grete othe
By god that made me
Here be the best corsed hors
That euer yet sawe I me
Lede them in to the stable he sayd
That eased myght they be
They shall not come therin sayd the knyght
By god that dyed on a tre
Lordes were to mete I sette
In that abbotes hall
The knyght went forth and kneled downe
And salued them grete and small
Do gladly syr abbot sayd the knyght
I am come to holde my day

The fyrſt word the abbot ſpake
Haſt thou brought my pay
Not one peny ſayd the knyght
By god that maked me
Thou art a ſhrewed dettour ſayd the abbot
Syr Juſtyce drynke to me
What dooſt thou here ſayd the abbot
But thou haddeſt brought thy pay
For god than ſayd the knyght
To pray of a lenger daye
Thy daye is broke ſayd the Juſtyce
Londe geteſt thou none
Now good ſyr Juſtyce be my frende
And fende me of my foe
I am holde with the abbot ſayd the Juſtyce
Both with cloth and fee
Now good ſyr ſheryf be my frende
Nay for god ſayd he
Now good ſyr abbot be my frende
For thy curteyſe
And holde my londes in thy honde
Tyll I haue made the gree
And I wyll be thy true ſeruaunte
And trewely ſerue the
Tyl ye haue foure hondred pounde
Of money good and free
The abbot ſware a full grete othe
By god that dyed on a tree
Get the londe where thou may
For thou geteſt none of me

By dere worthy god then sayd the knyght
That all this worlde wrought
But I haue my londe agayne
Full dere it shall be bought
God that was of a mayden borne
Leue vs well to spede
For it is good to assay a frende
Or that a man haue nede
The abbot lothely on hym gan loke
And vylaynesly hym gan loke
Out he sayd thou false knyght
Spede the out of my hall
Thou lyest then sayd the gentyll knyght
Abbot in thy hal
False knyght was I neuer
By god that made vs all
Up then stode that gentyll knyght
To the abbot sayd he
To suffre a knyght to knele so longe
Thou canst no curteysye
In Joustes and in tournement
Full ferre than haue I be
And put my selfe as ferre in prees
As ony that euer I se
What wyll ye gyue more sayd the Justyes
And the knyght shall make a releyse
And elles I dare safly swere
Ye holde neuer yout londe in pees
An hondred pounde sayd the abbot
The Justyce sayd gyue hym two

Nay be god sayd the knyght
Yet grete yt it not soo
Though ye wolde gyue a thousande moze
Yet were thou neuer the nere
Shall there neuer be myn eyre
Abbot Justyce ne frere
He sterte hym to a boxde a none
Tyll a table rounde
And there he shoke out of a bagge
Euen foure hondred pounde
Haue here thy golde syr abbot sayd the knyght
Which that thou lentest me
Haddest thou ben curteys at my comynge
Rewarde sholdest thou haue be
The abbot sat styll and ete no moze
For all his ryall chere
He cast his hede on his sholder
And fast began to stare
Take me my golde agayne sayd the abbot
Syr Justyce that I toke the
Not a peny sayd the Justyce
By god that dyed on a tree
Syr abbot and ye men of lawe
Now haue I holde my daye
Now shall I hame my londe a gayne
For ought that you can saye
The knyght sterte out of the doze
Away was all his care
And on he put his good clothynge
The other he lefte there

He wente hym forth full mery syngynge
As men haue tolde in tale
His lady met hym at the gate
And home iu verysdale
Welcome my lorde sayd his lady
Syr lost is all your good
Be mery dame sayd the knyght
And praye for Robyn hode
That euer his soule be in blysse
He holpe me out of my tene
Ne had not be his kyndenesse
Beggers had we ben
The abbot and I acordyd ben
He is serued of his pay
The good yeman lent it me
As I came by the way
This knyght than dwelled fayre at home
The soth for to say
Tyll he had got foure hondreth pounde
All redy for too paye
He purueyed hym an hondred bowes
The strenges welle dyght
An hondred shefe of arowes good
The hedes burnyshed full bryght
And euery arowe an elle longe
With pecocke well y dyght
I nocked all with whyte syluer
It was a semly syght
He purueyed hym an hondreth men
Well harneysed in that stede

And hym selfe in that same sete
And clothed in whyte and rede
He bare a launs gay in his honde
And a man ledde his male
And reden with a lyght songe
Unto bernysdale
But as he wēt at a brydge ther was a wrastelyng
And there taryed was he
And there was all the best yemen
Of all the west countree
A full fayre game there was vp set
A whyte bulle I vp pyght
A grete courser with sadle and brydil
With golde burneyshed full bryght
A payre of gloues a rede golde rynge
A pype of wyne in good fay
What man bereth hym best I wys
The pryce shall bere a way
There was a yeman in that place
And best worthy was he
And for he was ferre and frend bestad
I slayne he sholde haue be
The knyght had reuthe of this yeman
In place where that he stode
He sayd that yoman sholde haue no harme
For loue of Robyn hode
The knyght presed into the place
An hondred folowed hym fere
With bowes bent and arowes sharpe
For to shende that company

They sholdred all and made hym rome
To wete what he wolde say
He toke the yeman by the honde
And gaue hym all the playe
He gaue hym fyue marke for his wyne
There it laye on the molde
And bad it sholde be sette a broche
Drynke who so wolde
Thus longe taryed this gentyll knyght
Tyll that playe was done
Solonge a bode Robyn fastynge
Thre houres after the none

The thyrde fytte

Lyth and lysten gentyll men
All that now be here
Of lytell Johan that was the knyghtes man
Good myrthe ye shall here
It was vpon a mery day
That yonge men wolde go shote
Lytell Johan fet his bowe a none
And sayd he wolde them mete
Thre tymes lytell Johan shot a bout
And alway he slefte the wande
The proude sheryf of Notyngham
By the markes gan stande
The sheryf swore a full grete othe
By hym that dyed on a tree
This man is the best archere

That yet sawe I me
Say me now wyght yonge man
What is now thy name
In what countre were thou born
And where is thy wonnynge wan
In holdernesse I was boze
I wys all of my dame
Men call me Reynolde greneleke
Whan I am at hame
Saye me Reynald greneleke
Wolte thou dwell with me
And euery yere I wyll the gyue
Twenty marke to thy fee
I haue a mayster sayd lytell Johan
A curteys knyght is he
May ye gete leue of hym: the better may it bee
The sheryfe gate lytell Johan
Twelue monethes of the knyght
Therfoze he gaue hym tyght a none
A good hozs and a wyght
Now is lytel Johan the sheryffes man
Ge gyue vs well to spede
But all way thought lytell Johan
To quyte hym well his mede
Now so god me helpe sayd lytell Johan
And be my trewe lewte
I shall be the wozste seruaunte to hym
That euer yet had he
It befell vpon a wednesday
The sheryfe on hontynge was gone

& lytel Johã lay in his bed & was for yete at home
Therfore he was fastyge tyl it was past the none
Good syr stuarde I praye the
Gyue me to dyne sayd lytell Johan
It is longe for grene lefe. Fastyge so longe to be
Therfore I pray ỹ stuarde my dyner gyue ỹ me
Shalt thou neuer ete ne drynke sayd the stuarde
Tyll my lorde be come to towne
I make myn a vowe to god sayd lytell Johan
I had leuer to cracke thy crowne
The butler was full vncurteys
There he stode on flore
He sterte to buttery and shet fast the dore
Lytell Johan gaue the buteler such a rap
His backe yede nygh on two
Tho he lyued an. c. wynter the wors he sholde go
He sporned ỹ dore w̄ his fote it wēt vp wel & fyne
And there he made a large lyueray
Both of ale and wyne
Syth yr wyll not dyne sayd lytell Johan
I shall gyue you to drynke
And though ye lyue an hondred wynter
On lytell Johan ye shall thynk
Lytell Johã ete & lytell dronke ỹ whyle he wolde
The sheryfe had in his kechyn a coke
A stoute man and a bolde
I make myn a vowe to god sayd the coke
Thou arte a shrewde hynde
In an housholde to dwel. For to ask thus to dyne
And there he lent lytell Johan

Good ſtrokes thre
I make myn a vowe ſayd lytell Johan
Theſe ſtrokes lyketh well
Thou arte a bolde man and an hardy
And ſo thynketh me
And or I paſſe fro this place
Mayed better ſhalt thou be
Lytell Johan dzewe a good ſwerde
The coke toke a nother in honde
They thought nothynge for to fle
But ſtyfly for to ſtonde
There they fought ſore to gyder
Two myle way and more
Wyght neyther other harme done
The mountenaunce of an houre
I make myn a vowe to god ſayd lytell Johan
And be my trewe lewte
Thou art one of the beſt ſwerde men
That euer yet ſawe I me
Cowdeſt thou ſhote as well in a bowe
To grene wode thou ſholdeſt with me
And two tymes in the yere thy clothynge
I chaunged ſholde be
And euery yere of Robyn hode
Twenty marke to thy fee
Put vp thy ſwerde ſayd the coke
And felowes wyll we be
Then he fette to lytell Johan
The numbles of a doo
Good brede and full good wyne

They ete and dranke therto
And whan they had dronken well
Ther trouthes to gyder they plyghe
That they wolde be with Robyn
That ylke same day
They dyde them to the treasure hous
As fast as they myght gone
The lockes that were good stele
They brake them every chone
They toke a waye the syluer vessell
And all that they myght get
Peces masars and spones
Wolde they none forgete
Also they toke the good pence
Thre hondred pounde and more
And dyde hym strayt to Robyn hode
Under the grene wodetre
God the saue my dere mayster
And cryst the saue and se
And than sayd Robyn to lytell Johan
Welcome myght thou be
And also be that fayre yeman
Thou bryngest there with the
What tydynges fro notyngham
Lytell Johan tell thou me
Well the greteth the proude sheryfe
And sende the here by me
His coke and his syluer vessell
And thre hondred pounde and thre
I make myn a vowe to god sayd Robyn

And to the trenyte
It was neuer by his good wyll
This good is cone to me
Lytell Johan hym there be thought
On a shrewed whyle fyue myle in ẏ forest he ran
Hym happed at his wyll
Than he met the proud sheryf
Huntynge with hounde and horne
Lytell Johan coud his curteysye
And kneled hym beforne
God the saue my dere mayster
And cryst the saue and see
Raynolde grenelefe sayd the sheryfe
Where hast thou nowe be
I haue be in this forest
A fayre syght can I se
It was one of the fayrest syght
That euer yet sawe I me
Yonder I se a ryght fayre hart
His coloure is of grene
Seuen score of dere vpon an herde
Be with hym all be dene
His tynde are so sharp mayster
Of sexty and well mo
That I durst not shote for drede
Lest they wolde me sloo
I make myn a vowe to god sayd the sheryf
That syght wolde I fayn se
Buske you thyderwarde my dere mayster
A none and wende with me

The sheryfe rode and lytell Johan
Of fote he was full smarte
And whan they came afore Robyn
Lo here is the mayster hart
Styll stode the proude sheryf
A sory man was he
Wo the worthe Raynolde grenelefe
Thou hast now be trayed me
I make myn a vowe to godsayd lytell Johan
Mayster ye be to blame
I was mysserued of my dynere
Whan I was with you at hame
Soone he was to super sette
And serued with syluer whyte
And whan the sheryf se his vessell
For sorowe he myght not ete
Make good chere sayd Robyn hode
Sheryfe for charyte
And for the loue of lytell Johan
Thy lyfe is graunted to the
Whan they had supped well
The day was all a gone
Robyn commaunded lytell Johan
To drawe of his hosen and his shone
His kyrtell and his cote a pye
That was furred well fyne
And toke hym a grene mantell
To lappe his body therin
Robyn commaunded his wyght yongmen
Under the grene wode tre

They shall lay in that same sote
That the sheryf myght them se
All nyght laye that proud sheryf
In his breche and n his sherte
No wonder it was in grene wode
Tho his sydes do smerte
Make glad chere sayd Robyn hode
Sheryfe for charyte
For this is our order I wys
Under the grene wode tre
This is harder order sayd the sheryfe
Than ony anker or frere
For all the golde in mery Eeglonde
I wolde not longe dwell here
All these twelue monethes sayd Robyn
Thou shalte dwell with me
I shall the teche proud sheryfe
An out lawe for to be
Or I here a nother nyght sayd the sheryfe
Robyn nowe I praye the
Smyte of my hede rather to morne
And I for gyue it the
Lete me go then sayd the sheryf
For saynt charyte
And I wyll be thy best frende
That yet had the
Thou shalte swere me an othe sayd Robyn
On my bryght bronde
Thou shalt neuer a wayte me scathe
By water nē by londe

Elodary
Eglman
boost

And yf thou fynde ony of my men
By nyght or by day
Upon thyne othe thou shalt swere
To helpe them that thou may
Now haue the sheryf I swore his othe
And home he be gan to gone
He was as full of grene wode
As euer was hepe of stone

¶ The fourth fytte

The sheryf dwelled in notynghame
He was fayne that he was gone
And Robyn had his mery men
Went to wode anone
Go we to dyner sayd lytell Johan
Robyn hode sayd nay
For I drede our lady be wroth with me
For she sent me not my pay
Haue no dout mayster sayd lytell Johan
Yet is not the sonne not at rest
For I dare saye and saufly swere
The knyght is trewe and trusty
Take thy bowe in thy hande sayd Robyn
Let Moch wende with the
And so shall Wyllyam Scathelock
And no man a byde with me
And walke vp vnder the sayles
And to watlynge strete
And wayte after such vnketh gest

Up chaunce ye may them mete
Whether he be messengere
Or a man that myrthes can
Or yf he be a poze man
Of my good he shall haue some
Forth then stert lytel Johan
Half in tray and tene
And gyrde hym with a full good sweorde
Under a mantel of grene
They went vp to the sayles
These yemen all thre
They loked est they loked west
They myght no man se
But as he loked in bernysdale
By the hye waye
Than were they ware of two blacke monkes
Eche on a good palferay
Then be spake lytell Johan
To Much he gan say
I dare lay my lyfe to wedde
That monkes haue brought our pay
Make glad chere sayd lytell Johan
And frese our bowes of ewe
And loke your hertes be seker and sad
Your strynges trusty and trewe
The monke hath .xii.
And seuen somers full stronge
There rydeth no bysshop in this londe
So ryally I vnderstond
Brethern sayd lytell Johan

Here are no more but we thre
But we brynge them to dyner
Our mayster dare we not se
Bende your bowes sayd lytell Johan
Make all you prese to stonde
The formost monke his lyfe and his deth
Is closed in my honde
I byde chorle monke sayd lytell Johan
No ferther that thou gone
Yf thou dooste by dere worthy god
Thy deth is in my honde
And euyll thryfte on thy hede sayd lytell Johan
Ryght vnder thy hattes bonde
For thou hast made our mayster wroth
He is fastynge so longe
Who is your mayster sayd the monke
Lytell Johan sayd Robyn hode
He is a stronge thefe sayd the monke
Of hym herde I neuer good
Thou lyest than sayd lytell Johs
And that shall rewe the
He is a yeman of the forest
To dyne he hath bode the
Much was redy with a bolte
Redly and a none
He set the monke to fore the brest
To the grounde that he can gone
Of .iii. wyght yonge yemen
There a bode not one
But a lytell page and a grome

To lede the somers with lytel Johan
They brought the monke to the lodge doze
Whether he were loth or leke
For to speke with Robyn hode
Waugre in theyr tethe
Robyn dyde a downe his hode
The monke whan that he se
The monke was not so curteyse
His hode then let he be
He is a chorle master by dere worthy god
Than sayd lytell Johan
There of no force sayd Robyn
For curteysy can he none
How many men sayd Robyn
Had this monke Johan
Fyfty and two whan that we mes
But many of them be gone
Let blowe a horne sayd Robyn
That felaushyp may vs knowe
Seuen score of wyght yemen
Came pryckynge on a rowe
And euerych of them a good mantell
Of scarlet and of raye
All they came to good Robyn
To wyte what he wolde say
They made the monke to washe and wype
And syt at his denere
Robyn hode and lytell Johā
They serued them both in fere
Do gladly monke sayd Robyn

Gramercy syr sayd he
Where is your abbay whan ye are at home
And who is your a bowe
Saynt mary abbay sayd the monke
Though I be symple here
In what offyce sayd Robyn
Syr the hye selerer
Ye be the more welcome sayd Robyn
So euer mote I the
Fyll of the best wyne sayd Robyn
This monke shall drynke to me
But I haue grete meruayle sayd Robyn
Of all this longe day
I drede our lady be wroth with me
She sent me not my pay
Haue no doute mayster sayd lytell Johan
Ye haue no nede I saye
This monke it hath brought I dare well swere
For he is of her abbay
And she was a borowe sayd Robyn
Be twene a knyght and me
Of a lytell money that I hym lent
Under the grene wode tree
And yf thou hast that syluer I brought
I praye the let me se
And I shall helpe the ef tsones
Yf thou haue nede to me
The monke swore a full grete othe
With a sory chere
Of the borowehode thou spekest to me

Herde I neuer ere
I make myn auowe to god sayd Robyn
Monke thou arte to blame
For god is holde a ryghtwyse man
And so is his name
Thou toldest with thyn owne tonge
Thou may not say nay
How thou arte her seruaunt
And seruest her euery day
And thou art made her messengere
My money for to pay
Therfore I can the more thanke
Thou arte come at thy day
What is in your cofers sayd Robyn
Trewe than tell thou me
Syr he sayd twenty marke
Also mote I the
Yf there be no more sayd Robyn
I wyll not one peny
Yf thou hast myster of ony more
Syr more I shall lende to the
And yf I fynde Robyn
I wys thou shalte it for gone
For of thy spendynge spyker monke
Therof wyll I ryght none
Go nowe forthe lytell Iohan
And the trouth tell thou me
If there be no more but twenty marke
No peny that I se
Lytell Iohan spred his mantell downe

As he had done be fore
And he tolde out of the monkes male
Eyght pounde and more
Lytell Johan let it lye full ryll
And went to his mayster in hast
Syr he sayd the monke is trewe ynowe
Our lady hath doubled your cast
I make myn avowe to god sayd Robyn
Monke what tolde I the
Our lady is the trewest woman
That euer yet founde I me
By dere worthy god sayd Robyn
To seche all englond thorowe
Yet founde I neuer to my pay
A moche better borowe
Fyll of ȳ best wyne & do hym drynke sayd Robyn
And grete well thy lady hende
And yf she haue nede to Robyn hode
frende she shall hym fynde
And yf she nedeth ony more syluer
Come thou agayne to me
And by this token she hath me sent
She shall haue such thre
The monke was goynge to London ward
There to holde grete mote
The knyght that rode so hye on hors
To bynge hym vnder fote
Whether be ye away sayd Robyn
Syr to maners in this londe
Too reken with our reues

That haue done moch wronge
Come now forth lytell Jo han
And harken to my tale
A better yeman I knowe none
To seke a monkes male
How moch is in yonder other corser sayd Robyn
The soth must we see
By our lady than sayd the monke
That were no curteysye
To bydde a man to dyner
And syth hym bete and bynde
It is our olde maner sayd Robyn
To leue but lytell be hynde
The monke toke the hors with spore
No lenger wolde he a byde
Aske to drynke than sayd Robyn
Or that ye forther ryde
Nay for god than sayd the monke
Me reweth I cam so nere
For better chepe I myght haue dyned
In blythe or in dankestere
Grete well your abbot sayd Robyn
And your pryour I you pray
And byd hym send me such a monke
To dyner euery day
Now lete we that monke be styll
And speke we of that knyght
Yet he came to holde his day
Whyle that it was lyght
He dyde hym streyt to bernysdale

Under the grene wode tre
And he founde there Robyn hode
And all thy mery meyne
The knyght lyght doune of his good palfray
Robyn whan he gan see
So curteysly he dyde adoune his hode
And set hym on his knee
God the saue Robyn hode
And all this company
Welcome be thou gentyll knyght
And ryght welcome to me
Then bespake hym Robyn hode
To that knyght so fre
what nede dryueth the to grenewode
I praye the syr knyght tell me
And welcome be thou getyll knyght
Why hast thou be so longe
For the abbot and the hye Justyce
Wolde haue had my londe
Hast thou thy londe gayne sayd Robyn
Treuth than tell thou me
Ye for god sayd the knyght
And that thanke I god and the
But take not a grefe sayd the knyght
That I haue be so longe
I came by a wrastelynge
And there I holpe a pore yeman
With wronge was put behynde
Nay for god sayd Robyn
Syr knyght that thanke I the

What man that helpeth a good yeman
His frende than wyll I be
Haue here foure hōdred poūde thā sayd ẏ knyght
The whiche ye lent to me
And here is also twenty marke for your curteysy
Nay for god than sayd Robyn
Thou broke it well for ay
For our lady by her selerer
Hath sent to me my pay
And yf I toke it I twyse
A shame it were to me
But trewely gentyll knyght
welcom arte thou to me
Whan Robyn had tolde his tale
He leugh and had good chere
By my trouthe then sayd the knyght
Your money is redy here
Broke it well sayd Robyn
Thou gentyll knyght so fre
And welcome be thou getyll knyght
Under my trystell tre
But what shall these bowes do sayd Robyn
And these arowes I fedred fre
By god than sayd the knyght
A pore present tothe
Come now forth lytell Johan
And go to my treasure
And brynge me there foure hondred pounde
The monke ouer tolde it me
Haue here foure hondred pounde

Thou gentyll knyght and trewe
And bye hors and harnes good
And gylte thy spores alln ewe
And yf thou fayle ony spendynge
Com to Robyn hode
And by my trouth thou shalt none fayle
The whyles I haue any good
And broke well thy.cccc.li.
whiche I lent to the
And make thy selfe no more so bare
By the counsell of me
Thus than holpe hym good Robyn
The knyght all of this care
God that syt in heuen hye
Graunte vs well to fare

The fyfth fytte

NOw hath the knyght his leue I take
And went hym on his way
Robyn hode and his mery men
Dwelled styll full many a day
Lyth and lysten gentil men
And herken what I shall say
How the proud sheryfe of Notyngham
Dyde crye a full fayre play
That all the best archers of the north
Sholde come vpon a day
And that shoteth all ther best
The game shall bere a way

He that shoteth all theyre best
Furtheste fayre and lowe
At a payre of fynly buttes
Under the grene wode shawe
A ryght good arowe he shall haue
The shafte of syluer whyte
The hede and the feders of ryche rede Golde
In Englond is none lyke
This than herde good Robyn
Under his tryste tre
Make you redy ye wyght ponge men
That shotynge wyll I se
But se you my mery ponge men
Ye shall go with me
And I wyll wete the shryues fayth
Trewe and yf he be
Whan they had theyr bowes I bent
Theyr takles fedyed fre
Seuen score of wyght ponge men
Stode by Robyns kne
Whan they cam to Notynghams
The buttes were fayre and longe
Many was the bolde archere
That shoted with bowes stronge
There shall but syx shote with me
The other shall kepe my hede
And stande with good bowes bent
That I be not desceyued
The fourth out lawe his bowe gan bende
And that was Robyn hode

And that he helde the proud sheryfe
All by the but he stode
Thryes Robyn shot a bout
And alway they slist the wand
And so dyde good gylberte
Wyth the whyte hande
Lytell Johan and good Scatheloke
Were archers good and fre
Lytell Much and good Reynolde
The worst wolde they not be
Whan they had shot aboute
These archours fayre and good
Euer more was the best
For soth Robyn hode
Hym was delyuered the good arowe
For best worthy was he
He toke the yeft so curteysly
To grene wode wolde he
They cryed out on Robyn hode
And grete hornes gan they blowe
Wo worth the treason sayd Robyn
Full euyll thou art to knowe
And wo be thou: thou proude sheryf
Thus gladdynge thy gest
Other wyse thou behote me
In yonder wylde forest
But had I the in grene wode
Under my trystell tre
Thou sholdest leue me a better wedde
Than thy trewe lewte

Full many a bowe there was beut
And arowes let they glyde
Many a kyrtell there was rent
And hurt many a syde
The outlawes shot was so stronge
That no man myght them dryue
And the proud sheryfes men
They fled a way full blyue
Robyn sawe the busshement to broke
In grene wode he wolde haue be
Many an arowe there was shot
A monge that company
Lytell Johan was hurte full sore
With an arowe in his kne
That he myght neyther go nor ryde
It was full grete pyte
Mayster then sayd lytell Johan
If euer thou louest me
And for that ylke lordes loue
That dyed vpon a tre
And for the medes of my seruyce
That I haue serued the
Lete neuer the proude sheryf
Alyue now fynde me
But take out thy browne swerde
And smyte all of my hede
And gyue me woundes dede and wyde
No lyfe on me be lefte
I wolde not that sayd Robyn
Johan that thou were slawe

For all the golde in mery Englonde
Though it lay now on a rawe
God for bede sayd lytell Muche
That dyed on a tre
That thou sholdest lytell Johan
Parte our company
Up he toke hym on his backe
And bare hym well a myle
Many a tyme he layd hym downe
And shot a nother whyle
Then was there a fayre castell
A lytell with in the wode
Double dyched it was a bout
And walled by the rode
And there dwelled that gentyll knyght
Syr Rychard at the lee
That Robyn had lent his good
Under the grene wode tree
In he toke good Robyn
And all his company
Welcome be thou Robyn hode
Welcome arte thou to me
And moche thanke the of thy comfort
And of thy curteysye
And of thy grete kyndenesse
Under the grene wode tre
I loue no man in all this worlde
So moch as I do the
For all the proud sheryf of Notyngham
Ryght here shalt thou be

Shyt the gates and drawe the brydge
And let no man com in
And arme you well and make you redy
And to the walle ye wynne
For one thynge Robyn I the be hote
I swere by saynt Quyntyn
These twelue dayes thou wonest with me
To suppe ete and dyne
Bordes were layed and clothes spred
Reddely and a none
Robyn hode and his mery men
To mete gan they gone

¶ The .vi. fytte

Hy the and lysten gentylmen
And herken vnto your songe
How the proud sheryf of Notyngham
And men of armes stronge
Full faste came to the hye sheryfe
The countre vp to rout
And they beset the knyghtes castell
The walles all about
The proude sheryf loud gan crye
And sayd thou traytour knyght
Thou kepeste here the kynges enemye
Agayne the lawes and ryght
Syr I wyll a vowe that I haue done
The dedes thou here be dyght
Vp on all the londes that I haue

As I am a trewe knyght
Wende forthe fyrs on your waye
And doth no more to me
Tyll ye wytte our kynges wyll
What he woll say to the
The sheref thus had his answere
with out ony leasynge
Forthe he yode to London towne
Ill for to tel our kynge
There he tolde hem of that knyght
And eke of Robyn hode
And also of the bolde archeres
That noble were and good
He wolde a bowe that he had done
To mayntayne the out lawes stronge
He wolde be lorde and set you at nought
In all the north londe
I woll be at Notyngham sayd the kynge
Within this fourtynyght
And take I wyll Robyn hode
And so I wyll that knyght
Go home thou proud sheryf
And do as I the bydde
And ordayne good archeres I nowe
Of all the wyde countree
The sheryf had his lene I take
And went hym on his way
And Robyn hode to grene wode
Upon a certayn day
And lytell Johan was hole of the arowe

That shote was in his kne
And dyde hym strayte to Robyn hode
Under the grene wode tre
Robyn hode walked in the forestte
Under the leues grene
The proud sheryfe of Notyngham
Therfore he had grete tene
The sheryf there fayled of Robyn hode
He myght not haue his pray
Then he a wayted this gentyll knyght
Bothe by nyght and by daye
Euer he a wayted that gentyll knyght
Syr Rychard at the lee
As he went on haukynge by the ryuer syde
And let his haukes flee
Toke he there this gentyll knyght
With men of armes stronge
And lad hym home to Notyngham warde
I bonde both honde and fote
The sheryf swore a full grete othe
By hym that dyed on a tre
He had leuer than an hondred pounde
That he had Robyn hode
This lady the knyghtes wyfe
A fayre lady and fre
She set her on a good palfray
To grene wode a non rode she
Whan she came to the forest
Under the grene wode tre tre
Founde she there Robyn hode

And all his fayre meyne
God the good Robyn
And all thy company
For our dere ladye
I bone graunte thou me
Late thou neuer my wedded lorde
Shamly I slayne be
He is fast I bounde to Notyngham warde
For the loue of the
I none then sayd good Robyn
To that lady fre
What man hath your lorde I take
For soth as I the say
He is not yet thre myles
Passed on your waye
Up then sterte good Robyn
As a man that had be wode
Buske you my mery yongemen
For hym that dyed on a rode
And he that this sorowe forsaketh
By hym that dyed on a tre
Shall he neuer in grene wode be
Nor lenger dwell with me
Done there were good bowes I bent
Wo than seuen score
Hedge ne dyche spare they none
That was them before
I make myn a vowe to god sayd Robyn
The knyght wolde I fayn se
And yf I may hym take

I quyt than shall it be
And whan they came to Notyngham
They walked in the strete
And with the proud sheryf I wys
Sone gan they mete
I byde thou proud sheryf he sayd
I byde and speke with me
Of some tydynges of our kynge
I wolde fayne here of the
This seuen yere by dete worthy god
Ne yede I so fast on fote
I make myn avowe to god thou proud sheryfe
It is not for thy good
Robyn bent a good bowe
An aro we he drewe at his wyll
He hyt so the proud sheryf
Upon the grounde he lay full styll
And or he myght vp aryse
On his fete to stonde
He smote of the sheryues hede
With his bryght bronde
Lye thou there thou proud sheryf
Euyll mote thou thryue
There myght no man to the truste
The whyles thou were a lyue
His men drewe out theyr bryght swerdes
That were so sharpe and kene
And layde on the sheryues men
And dryued them downe by dene
Robyn stert to that knyght

And cut a two his hoode
And toke hym in his hand a bolle
And bad hym by hym stonde
Leue thy hors the be hynde
And lerne for to renne
Thou shalt with me to grene wode
Through myre mosse and fenne
Thou shalt with me to grene wode
With out ony lesynge
Tyll that I haue gete vs grace
Of Edwarde our comly kynge

¶ The .vii. fytte

The kynge came to Notyngham
With knyghtes in grete araye
For to take that gentyll knyght
And Robyn hode and yf he may
He asked men of that countre
After Robyn hode
And after that gentyll knyght
That was so bolde and stout
Whan they had tolde hym the case
Our kynge vnder stonde ther tale
And sealed in his honde
The knyghtes londes all
All the passe of lancasshyre
He went both ferre and nere
Tyll he came to plomton parke
He fayled many of his dere

There our kynge was wont to se
Herdes many one
He coud vnneth fynde one dere
That bare ony good horne
The kynge was wonder wroth with all
And swore by the trynyte
I wolde I had Robyn hode
With eyen I myght hym se
And he that wolde smyte of the knyghtes hede
And bryngeit to me
He shall haue the knyghtes londes
Syr Rychardeat the le
I gyue it hym with my charter
And sele it my honde
To haue and holde for euer more
In all mery Englonde
Than bespake a fayre olde knyght
That was treue in his fay
I my leege lorde the kynge
One worde I shall you say
There is no man in this countre
May hane the knyghtes londes
Whyle Robyn hode may ryde or gone
And bere a bowe in his hondes
That he ne shall lese his hede
That is the best ball in his hode
Gyue it to no man my lorde the kynge
That ye wyll any good
Half a yere dwelled out comly kynge
In Notynghame and well more

Coude he not here of Robyn hode
In what countre that he were
But alway went good Robyn
By halke and eke by hyll
And alway slewe the kynges dere
And welt them at his wyll
Than be spake a proude fosters
That stode by our kynges kne
Yf ye wyll se good Robyn
Ye must do after me
Take fyue of the best knyghtes
That be in your lede
And walked downe by your abbay
And gete you monkes wede
And I wyll be your ledes man
And lede you the way
And or ye come to Notyngham
Wyn he de then dare I lay
That ye shall mete with good Robyn
On lyue yf that he be
Or ye come to Notyngham
With eyen ye shall hym se
Full hastily our kynge was dyght
So were his knyghtes fyue
Euerych of them in monkes wede
And hasted them thyder blyth
Our kynge was grete a boue his cole
A hode hat on his crowne
Right as he were abbot lyke
They rode vp in to the towne

Styf botes our kynge had on
For soth as I you say
He rode syngynge to grene wode
The couent was clothed in graye
His male hors and his grete somers
Folowed our kynge be hynde
Tyll they came to grene wode
A myle vnder the lynde
There they met with good Robyn
Stondynge on the waye
And so dyde many a bolde archere
For soth as I you say
Robyn toke the kynges hors
Hastely in that stede
And sayd syr abbot by your leue
A whyle ye must abyde
We be yemen of this foreste
Vnder the grene wode tre
We lyue by our kynges dere
Vnder the grene wode tre
And ye haue chyrches and rentes both
And gold full grete plente
Gyue vs some of your spendynge
For saynt charyte
Than be spake our cumly kynge
A none than sayd he
I brought no more to grene wode
But forty pounde with me
I haue layne at Notyngham
This fourteynyght with our kynge

And spent I haue full moche g[illegible]
On many a grete lordynge
And I haue but forty pounde
No more than haue I me
But yf I had an hondred pounde
I vouch it halfe on the
Robyn toke the forty pounde
And departed it in two partye
Half endell he gaue his mery men
And bad them mery to be
Full curteysly Robȳ gan say
Syr haue this for your spendyng
We shall mete a nother day
Gramercy than sayd our kynge
But well the greteth Edwarde our kynge
And sent to the his seale
And byddeth the com to Notyngham
Both to mete and mele
He toke out the brode tarpe
And sone he lete hym se
Robyn coud his courteysy
And set hym on his kne
I loue no man in all the worlde
So well as I do my kynge
Welcome is my lordes seale
And monke for thy tydynge
Syr abbot for thy tydynges
To day thou shalt dyne with me
For the loue of my kynge
Under my tryستell tre

Forth he lad our comly kynge
Full fayre by the honde
Many a dere there was slayne
And full fast dyghtande
Robyn toke a full grete horne
And loude he gan blowe
Seuen score of wyght yonge men
Came redy on a rowe
All they kneled on theyr kne
Full fayre be fore Robyn
The kynge sayd hym selfe vntyll
And swore by saynt Austyn
Here is a wonder semely syght
Me thynketh by goddes pyne
His men are more at his byddynge
Then my men be at myne
Full hastily was theyr dyner Idyght
And therto gan they gone
They serued our kynge with al theyr myght
Both Robyn and lytell Johan
A none before our kynge was set
The fatte venyson
The good whyte breed the good rede wyne
And therto the fyne ale and browne
Make good chere sayd Robyn
Abbot for charyte
And for this ylke tydynge
Blessed mote thou be
Now shalte thou se what lyfe we lede
Or thou hens wende

Than thou may enfourme our kynge
Whan ye to gyder lende
Up they sterte all in haste
Theyr bowes were smartly bent
Our kynge was neuer so sore a gaste
He wende to haue be shent
Two yerdes there were vp set
There to gan they gange
By fyfty pase our kynge sayd
The merkes were to longe
On euery syde a rose garlonde
They shot vnder the lyne
Who so sayleth of the rose garlonde sayd Robyn
His tackyll he shall tyne
And yelde it to his mayster
Be it neuer so fyne
For no man wyll I spare
So drynke I ale or wyne
And bere a buffet on his hede
Alwys tyght all bare
And all that fell in Robyns lote
He smote them wonder sare
Twyse Robyn shot a boute
And euer he clcued the wande
And so dyde good Gylbertte
With the good whyte hande
Lytell Johan and good Scathelocke
For nothynge wolde they spare
Whan they fayled of the garlonde
Robyn smote them full sore

At the laſt ſhot that Robyn ſhot
For all his frendes fare
Yet he fayled of the garlonde
Thre fyngers and mare
Than be ſpake good Gylberte
And thus he gan ſay
Wayſter he ſayd your takyll is loſt
Stande forth and take yout pay
If it be ſo ſayd Robyn
That may no better be
Syr abbot I delyuer the myn arowe
I pray the ſyr ſeȝue thou me
It falleth not for myn ordre ſayd our kynge
Robyn by thy leue
For to ſmyte no good yeman
For doute I ſholde hym greue
Smyte on boldely ſayd Robyn
I gyue the large leue
A none our kynge with that worde
He folde vp his ſleue
And ſych a buffet he gaue Robyn
To grounde he yede full nere
I make myn a bowe to god ſayd Robyn
Thou arte a ſtal worthe frere
There is pith in thyn arme ſayd Robyn
I trowe thou canſt well ſhote
Thus our kynge and Robyn hode
To geder than they met
Robyn beheldeout comly kynge
Wyſtly in the face

So dyde syr Rychard at the le
And kneled downe in that place
And so dyde all the wylde outlawes
Whan they se them knele
My lorde the kynge of Englonde
Now I knowe you well
Mercy then Robyn sayd our kynge
Under your trystyll tre
Of thy goodnesse and thy grace
For my men and me
Yes for god sayd Robyn
And also god me saue
I aske mercy my lorde the kynge
And for my men I craue
Yes for god than sayd our kynge
And therto sent I me
With that thou leue the grene wode
And all thy company
And come home syr to my courte
And there dwell with me
I make myn a vowe to god sayd Robyn
And ryght so shall it be
I wyll come to your courte
Your seruyse for to se
And bryngе with me of my men
Seuen score and thre
But me lyke well your seruyse
I come a gayne full soone
And shote at the donne dere
As I am wonte to done

HAste thou ony grene cloth layd out kynge
That thou wylte sell nowe to me
Ye for god layd Robyn
Thyrty yerdes and thre
Robyn layd out kynge
Now pray I the
Sell me some of that cloth
To me and my meyne
Yes for god then layd Robyn
Or elles I were a fole
A nother day ye wyll me clothe
I trowe ayenst the yole
The kynge kest of his cole then
A grene garment he dyde on
And euery knyght had so I wys
A nother had full sone
Whan they were clothed in Lyncolne grene
They keste a way theyr graye
Now we shall to Notyngham
All thus out kynge gan say
Theyr bowes bente and forth they went
Shotynge all in fere
Towarde the towne of Notyngham
Out lawes as they were
Our kynge and Robyn bade to gyders
For soth as I you say
And they shote pluckebuffet
As they went by the way

And many a buffet our kynge wan
Of Robyn hode that day
And nothynge spared good Robyn
Our kynge in his pay
So god me helpe sayd our kynge
Thy game is nought to lere
I sholde not get a shote of the
Though I shote all this yere
All the people of Notyngham
They stode and beheide
They sawe nothynge but mantels of grene
That couered all the felde
Than euery man to other gan say
I drede our kynge be slone
Come Robyn hode to the towne I wys
On lyue he lefte neuer one
Full hastily they be gan to flee
Both yemen and knaues
And olde wyues that myght euyll goo
They hypped on theyr staues
The kynge lughe full fast
And commaunded theym a gayne
When they se our comly kynge
I wys they were full fayne
They ete and dranke and made them glad
And sange with notes hye
Than be spake our comly kynge
To syr Rychard at the lee
He gaue hym there his londe a gayne
A good man he bad hym be

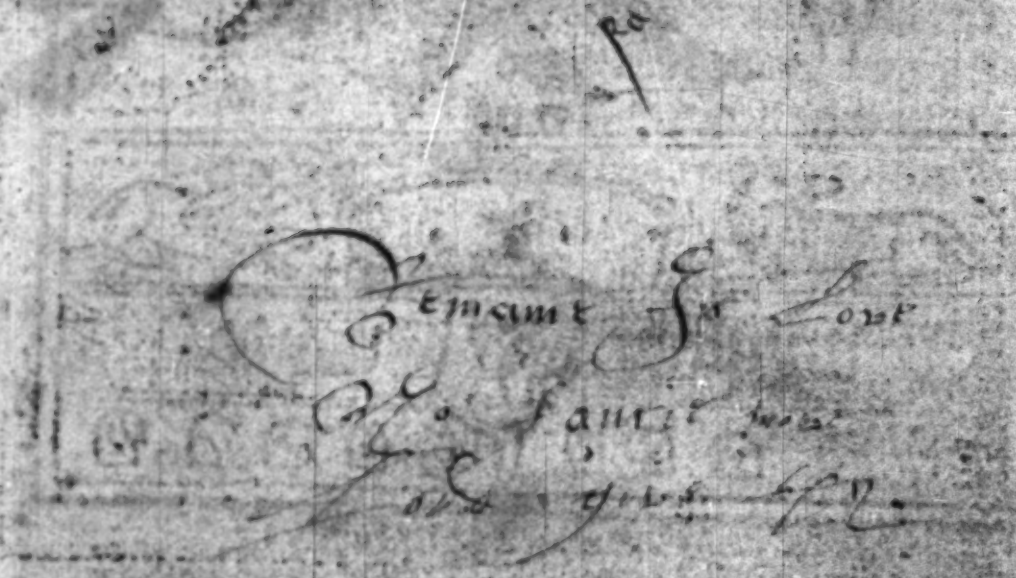
Robyn thanked our comly kynge
And set hym on his kne
Had Robyn dwelled in the kynges courte
But. xii. monethes and thre
That spent an hondred pounde
And all his mennes fe
In euery place where Robyn came
Euer more he layde downe
Both for knyghtes and for squyres
To gete hym grete renowne
By than the yere was all a gone
He had no man but twayne
Lytell Johan and good Scathelocke
With hym all for to gone
Robyn sawe yonge men shote
Full ferre vpon a day
Alas than sayd good Robyn
My welthe is went a way
Somtyme I was an archere good
A styffe and eke a stronge
I was commytted the best archere
That was in niery Englonde
Alas then sayd good Robyn
Alas and well a woo
Yf I dwele lenger with the kynge
Sorowe wyll me sloo
Forth than went Robyn hode
Tyll he came to our kynge
My lorde the kynge of Englonde
Graunte m[illegible] myn askynge

I made a chapell in bernysdale
That semely is to se
It is of mary Wagdaleyne
And there to wolde I be
I myght neuer in this seuen nyght
No tyme to slepe ne wynke
Nother all these seuen dayes
Nother ete ne drynke
Me longeth sore to bernysdale
I may not be therfro
Bare fote and wolwarde I haue hyght
Thyder for to go
yf it be he so than sayd our kynge
It may no better be
Seuen nyght I gyue the leue
No lengre to dwell fro me
Gramercy lorde then sayd Robyn
And set hym on his kne
He toke his leue full courteysly
To grene wode then went he
Whan he came to grene wode
In a mery morynynge
There he herde the notes small
Of byrdes meryly syngynge
It is ferre gone sayd Robyn
That I was last here
Me lyste a lytell for to shote
At the donne dere
Robyn sawe a full grete harte
Hys horne than gan he blow

That all the outlawes of that forest
That horne coud they knowe
And gadred them to gyder
In a lytell throwe
Seuen score of wyght yonge men
Came redy on a rowe
And fayre dyde of theyr hodes
And set them on theyr kne
Welcome they sayd our mayster
Under this grene wode tre
Robyn dwelled in grene wode
Twenty yere and two
For all drede of Edwarde out kynge
Agayne wolde he not goo
Yet he was begyled I wys
Through a wycked woman
The prioresse of kyrkesly
That nye was was of his kynne
For the loue of a knyght
Syr Roger of donkelly
That was her owne speciall
Full euyll mote they the
They toke to gyder theyr counsell
Robyn hode for to se
And how they myght best do that dede
His banis for to be
Than he spake good Robyn
In places where as he stode
To morow I muste to kyrkesley
Craftely to be leten blode

Syr Roger of donkestere
By the pryorelle he lay
And there they betrayed good Robyn hode
Through theyr falle playe
Cryst haue mercy on his soule
That dyed on the rode
For he was a good out lawe
And dyde pore men moch good

¶ Explycit. Kynge Edwarde and Robyn hode & Lytell Johan Enpryented at London in Fletestre te at the lygne of the lone By Wynken de Worde



when stordy stormes of strife be past
shall quiet calmes appeare
I knowe some times in ashes deepe
Lye kindled coales of fire
with good advise marke this my mynd
you shall a matter strange heere find